Crashing Waves

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Crashing Waves

by MintyEcco

Summary

Feeling the waves swallow him up Will at first has a hard time processing what happened when he wakes up on a sandy alcove, but it doesn't take long to figure some other things out when Hannibal Lecter appears offering to help him. Even after it was his fault they fell over that cliff face.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It all happened so fast neither was able to fully comprehend what was happening.

The air rushes by their heads as the sound of the crashing waves grows closer and closer.

Until they're on top of them.

The suffocating feeling of cold is the first thing that comes to Will.

His skin crawls with discomfort as he can't figure out why is body has suddenly began to lock up.

The last thing is remembers is the Dragon and the blood.

The pools of inescapable blood as they mix together until no one can discern who it was originally from.

All three killers brought together in the end in the most grotesque way possible.

And none of them would have it any other way.

The purest form of their lust for gore being one of the last things any of them would touch.

Though Will can't help but regret how many times he'd let himself get hurt as the salt water surrounds him. His wounds being consumed by and the already crushing feeling of water gets violently ripped away by a surge of stinging beyond what he'd ever thought to comprehend.

It was overwhelming.

He was losing himself in the crashing of the waves and the drift of the blood.

He was every where yet no where at once, and maybe that was for the best.

Finally free from the constraints and pain of life and set free.

No longer able to harm another soul again.

Yet was this really what it would all come to?

Hadn't he just experienced what was akin to peace with what he had become.

He was beautiful covered in blood against the moonlight sky, and he felt good.

But it wasn't just him.

Hannibal was there too.

Just like he always seemed to be.

They'd just shared exactly what he'd been building up to.

Through all his fancy talk all he wanted– was a partner in crime.

Someone to help take down the prey and make sure it couldn't get away.

So simple yet so complicated.

But that was alluring.

It'd almost drawn Will in once, and now it'd finally sank its hooks into him.

Yet here he was throwing that away.

His head breaks water briefly, a deep desperate gasp following not long after before the crystal clear sky is engulfed in the crashing dark once more.

The stars staring down at him with a wink in their eyes as they wait patiently for him to stop struggling so they can go back to their benign life.

Because once he was gone, then things could start to go back to normal.

No Will Graham and no Hannibal Lecter means a far safer world after all.

At least thats how the FBI would most likely see it.

A serial killer and his protege shot down together after ending the Red Dragon.

A perfect tragic yet poetic end for the twisted obsession the two had formed around one another.

And as this idea dawns on Will and his body begins to sink lower and lower he decides that he is going to live.

Even if he doesn't have a say in the matter he will live.

If for no other reason than to spite Jack he was going to say screw this and make it out alive.

At least one more time.

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The coarseness of the sand grinds against his skin as Will coughs as hacks water onto the beach.

Gritting his teeth through the pain he glances around to try and figure out where he'd ended up.

And if he'd ended up with anyone.

Easily he deduces that he'd managed to make it to a small alcove with a tiny beach.

The waves lapping at his legs he forces himself to hoist his body upwards and head further inland. No use getting dragged back out now, after all.

What little his life may mean now it'd been decided he was going to make it out in one piece, but had the same been decided for his companion?

His legs shaking under him he glances around the area in confusion.

Taking in a shaky breath he tries to calm himself down but all he can feel is the crashing of the waves behind him.

So numb to the world around him that he isn't sure when this sensation is going to pass.

He'd been to the beach a few times in his life and he'd experienced this before, but that was usually when he was laying down. Trying to sleep while the sounds of the ocean seeped through the cracks in the walls, allowing his body to bob up and down like it did only a few hours before.

However, this was far more visceral than that.

This was more akin still feeling the ache of being tossed around and around, even if he couldn't quite remember it all.

With each step he took however the ache became more and more real. His body showing the wear and tear it so obviously had sustained from being thrown all through out the water.

He wasn't able to make it very far before he collapsed back onto the sand in dismay.

He wasn't going to get out of here any time soon, and even if he did what would he do?

Call Jack and tell him the infamous Hannibal Lecter and the Red Dragon had been taken out in one fell swoop?

That he and Hannibal had dispatched their mutual foe before he dispatched him?

That he had indulged himself one last time in the thrill of the kill and was now ready to set it aside and return home?

None of that sounded right, or like it would be believed.

At least this time he had an alibi of feeling he needed to follow Hannibal lest the mass murder truly be set free. Though he could easily guess doubt would be thrown onto that due to his past actions.

With a frustrated sigh he grits his teeth and stares down at the sand while beginning the arduous process of figuring out his next steps.

When suddenly he hears the distinct sound of footsteps behind him.

Only having time to lift his head from the sand he is promptly met with the soaked figure of Hannibal Lecter.

“Do you need a hand, Will?” He asks briskly, the same silky voice Will had thought had been swallowed up by the sea meeting his ears as if it were as natural as the wind.

He can’t help but stare at him in utter shock as he begins to extend his hand towards him. Will’s jaw hanging limply from his face as he tries to find the words to convey anything to the former doctor, but can’t get the sounds out.

“You ended up taking most of the fall on the way down.” Hannibal comments as he ignores Will’s reluctance to give him his hand and just picks him up, “I don’t know how intentional it was but the sentiment was nice nonetheless. Even if we are in this position, thanks to you.”

Will smirks at the jab as his feet struggle to gain footing under the sand. Sinking down and down before being yanked up by Hannibal’s persistence.

“One last chance, right? Can’t blame me for getting– *overwhelmed*.”

Hannibal’s eyes pierce down through the smaller, now weaker, man as the two continue up towards the higher levels of this alcove they’ve found themselves in.

“Well at least we ended up near civilization I suppose.” Hannibal dryly remarks, a mix of emotions clear on his face as he wants to feel betrayed by the action and yet cannot fault Will for doing it. Being overwhelmed as he put it made perfect sense given the circumstances. He had just accepted what Hannibal had been longing for him to since the moment they locked eyes, and that truly must have been a strangely consuming feeling.

The roaring of a road nearby cuts through the taller man’s thoughts as his eyes trace their way up to the cliff face.

They were close to people.

Too close.

What if they got caught now?

All of this would be for nothing then.

Will would get to walk away, and he would–

“I don’t think heading for the road would be a good idea.” Will half-heartedly comments, his eyes perfectly placed away from Hannibal. Knowing already that what he was doing was antithetical to what he had just displayed as being his objective.

He was making a choice that would allow them to be preserved.

“There’s blood all over us. With out luck they’ll ask too many questions or insist on taking us to a hospital. That’ll be enough to give Jack exactly what he wants.”

“Me returned to a cell?”

“A lead on where to find us.” Will nearly growls. He could only imagine how Jack was losing his mind with Hannibal genuinely on the lose, and that would only be added to once he found Francise’s corpse.

The state it was in would be enough for any good FBI agent to put two and two together.

There were two murders now, and they didn’t have any obvious bodies to offer to the presses to show that they were dead.

“Your turning away from your little stunt now; is this truly what you want, Will?” Hannibal asks, stopping in his tracks to cock an eyebrow at the bleeding man. They only had so much time before they would have to go to a hospital, just because Hannibal wouldn’t have all the tools to handle the state Will was in. If they could get on their feet soon though, that may be able to be avoided.

“Just being practical. I know how Jack thinks better than you do at this point, and Alana’s fled by now as well. The plan’s played out for them, but now for us we have more bumps we need to get over now.”

“And you’re willing to provide the insight we need to handle these bumps, Will? Your previous trepidations are– understandable in their own ways.” Hannibal attempts to relate, being made at Will wouldn’t do much good now. Yet he finds himself not wanting to just gain the man’s aid because he was in a situation where he couldn’t say no to him.

An awkward silence forms as Will considers his seeming offer.

He could step away from this, just like before. Return to the world he’d built up for himself in the image of what he thought he wanted from life.

Molly, Wally, and the dogs.

A perfect blissful existence of a mundane normal socially acceptable family.

Just what he thought he could never have, and was able to make in spite of that belief.

He was so close.

He could have exactly what he always wanted again.

Hannibal Lecter free.

“I am, it’s the only way we’re both going to make it out of this in one piece.”

Moving his head back in surprise Hannibal gives a small smile as he realizes what he’d just heard.

In his own special way, Will had just said yes.

“Then how should we approach this situation then? If we can’t catch a ride then will we have to continue on foot? That seems just as practical as the first option, from where I’m standing.”

“We won’t have to for long. We’re far enough out here that there should be an empty cabin somewhere. We can stay there for awhile and nurse our wounds, at least until we can come up with something more concrete.”

“And if the home owner returns?”

“They can be dealt with easily, given the right circumstances.”

Cocking an eyebrow Hannibal smoothly questions, “Do you think we’ll have those circumstances when the time comes?”

“We’ll be more than prepared to deal with them.”

His smile widening into a startling grin Hannibal’s eyes gleam with a delight Will hadn’t been anticipating to see so soon.

Clearly he’d pressed all the right buttons, and he didn’t even feel anything about it. Genuinely experiencing what he could only call *excitement* in regards to it now.

“We have a walk ahead of us then, will you be able to hold out until then?”

“I’ve survived worse under far more arduous situations, as you’re aware.”

Smiling flickering out for a moment Hannibal only nods his head before beginning the trek up once more.

Both men fighting in their own regard to make it up the steep cliff slope neither feels any compulsion to want to fight the other. Instead experiencing waves of anticipation as they make their way up and up the sandy slopes. Finally breaching the bluff’s edge and slipping into the thick woods laid out in front of them once all the cars had passed.

They both found themselves hoping that a cabin would be closer than expected so that they other could begin to rest up.

They were in this together now, after all.

For better or for worse they were going to have to stick by one another.

And the only feeling they were experiencing at the prospect of this new chapter of their lives, was joy.

End Notes

It feels like a right of passage to finally get to write a "post fall" fic since so much of this fandom in the years since season 3 seems to be built on those kind of stories.
So here's my two cents on the topic and I hope y'all enjoyed it, cause I started this in December of 2022 and finally finishing it feels really rewarding.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!